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Sweet and Fair.

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Sweet and Fair.

O sweet and fair ! O rich and rare !
That day so long ago ;
The autumn sunshine everywhere,
The heather all aglow !
The ferns were clad in cloth of gold,
The waves sang on the shore,
When first we met, may such waves sing
Forever, evermore.

Anon.

My Philosophy.

Valentine can never die;
Wrecks of the past
Float o'er the memory
Even to the last,
Many a happy thing,
Many a daisied spring
Floats far away
But valentine can never die,
Saith my philosophy.

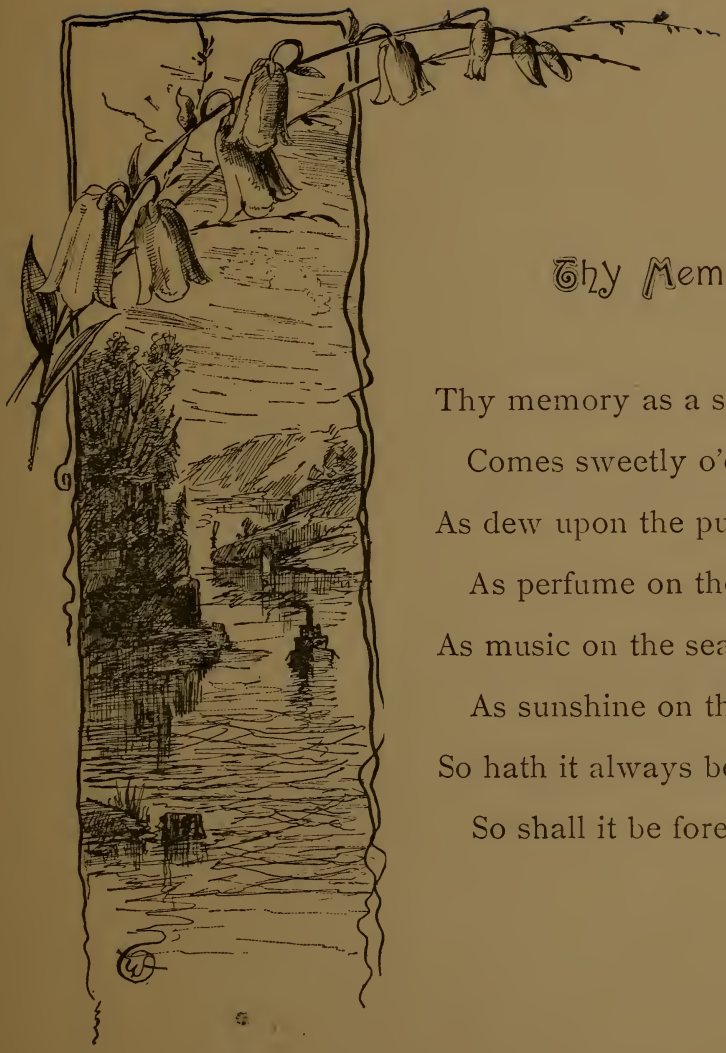
Anon.

Never Forgotten.

Forget thee? Bid the forest-birds
  Forget their sweetest tune,
Forget thee? Bid the sea forget
  To swell beneath the moon,
Bid thirsty flowers forget to drink
  The eve's refreshing dew
Thyself forget thy own dear land
  And its mountains mild and blue,

Forget each old, familiar face
Each long remembered spot,
When these things are forgot by thee
Then thou shalt be forgot!
Keep, if thou wilt, thy maiden peace
Still calm and fancy free,
For God forbid thy gladsome heart
Should grow less glad for me!

John Moultrie.



Thy Memory.

Thy memory as a spell
Comes sweetly o'er my mind ;
As dew upon the purple bell,
As perfume on the wind :
As music on the sea,
As sunshine on the river,
So hath it always been to me,
So shall it be forever !

R. Macnish.

Light from Heaven.

O, Lone indeed is light from Heaven,
A spark of that immortal fire
With angels shared, by Alla given,
To lift from earth our low desire.

A feeling from the Godhead caught
To wean from self each sordid thought,
A ray of Him who formed the whole,
A glory circling round the Soul!

Byron.

Good Morning.

When sweet looks and lips I see,
  When I hear sweet voices,
Glad am I and glad will be,
  When my heart rejoices,
I will work and hope and love
  Singing to the hours,
While the stars are bright alone,
  And below, the flowers.

C. B.

There are Tones.

There are tones that will haunt us tho' lonely
  Our path be o'er mountain and sea,
There are looks that will part from us only
  When memory ceases to be,
There are hopes which our burdens can lighten
  Though toilsome and steep be the way ;
And dreams that, like moonlight can brighten
  With a light that is clearer than day.

Wm. M. Praed.

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